

HOME OF THE YAQUIS.

Country of Mexican Indians of Primitive Character.

The Yaquis, now reported as having joined the Mexican Constitutionalists, have been reputed by generations the best savage fighters south of the Rio Grande. For the better part of four centuries they have resisted Spanish-American civilization, though they have had a sort of native civilization that enabled them all the better to baffle the Mexican authorities. The last serious uprising of the Yaquis occurred in 1900, when they nearly destroyed a force of Mexican troops, and the Mexicans took a terrible revenge by slaying many of the Yaquis, men, women and children, and carrying off nearly 250 of them into virtual slavery in Yucatan. Some authorities say that the Yaquis numbered 40,000 in the middle of the eighteenth century, and less than 15,000 at the close of the nineteenth, a shrinkage due to almost continual wars. There has been, however, a good deal of guess work as to these Indians, and until comparatively recent times, although officials maps of Mexico pretended to plot the Yaquis territory, much of it had never been surveyed. It would take a pretty spy census enumerator to count and classify the Yaquis of the wild mountains.

The chief historic home of the Yaquis is the central mountain region of Sonora, through which the Yaquis River flows into the Gulf of California. There is a loose employment of the term Yaqui, however, and it is applied by some persons to almost any of the shy, wild Indians living in Western Mexico. The Pima and the Opatas Indians joined with the Yaquis in at least one war, that of 1832, when a Yaqui chief conceived the notion of forming the Sonoran tribes into an Indian State. There had been a formidable rising of the Yaquis seven years before, as there was a little more than 20 years later. Between wars the Yaquis on the edge of civilization maintain trade relations with the Mexicans and some of them are employed in various occupations even in the cities. A Yaqui, however, is essentially a man of the wild, a shy creature, shunning the stranger, and resenting the intrusion of the white.

The Yaquis raise some crops and make crude pottery and excellent woven articles, but they have no more than Walt Whitman the passion for "owning things." They also hate superfluous clothing. When Mexico passed a law requiring all men to wear trousers, the Yaquis resented it as an outrage. After that law was passed it was no uncommon thing to see a Yaqui clad in nature's garb, and little else, approaching a city with his trousers in a neat bundle on his head, and his wares brought for sale perched on top. Near the entrance of the town, the good man would don his hated trousers and having entered the place, transacted his business, and started back to his wilds, would pause outside of the police zone to remove the encumbering garments, so that he could make the better speed homeward. An adventurous American, now soberly employed in a highly responsible business on Long Island, when travelling some years ago across Mexico to the Gulf of California, encountered a fellow traveller, who persuaded him to make a detour into the Yaqui country.

The stranger professed to believe that there were mines in the Yaqui territory worth prospecting there. That has long been a belief and Sonora is rich in silver. There is also a persistent popular notion that the wild recesses of the Yaqui hide an old Mexican city in an excellent state of preservation. The two travellers in this instance soon got into the edge of the Yaqui country and found that the inhabitants made no resistance to their advance, but fled before them. Women and children could be seen fading into the thicket as the strangers approached. Thatched huts were found with the embers still warm on the earth, but not a human being was in sight. The huts were absolutely bare of food, and without other furniture than a few crude utensils and here and there a woven mat.

Being well mounted, the travelers took a rough mountain trail and followed it for some hours. The narrator of the story says that he saw no sign of Yaquis except that as they advanced they encountered from time to time at critical places in the trail obstacles recently thrown up to arrest their progress. Sometimes two or three trees were felled across the trail, sometimes rocks or earth were thrown down from above to block the way. At one point where they halted his companion knelt behind a rock, took careful aim down the trail, and fired. They rode back a short distance and found a dead Yaqui with a bullet hole in his forehead. The man had been dogging with intent, his slayer explained, their footsteps for two or three hours, either to kill them or to catch them

SUICIDE NEAR GRAVEYARD.

J. A. Blackwell of Darlington, Takes His Life.

Darlington, January 22.—J. A. Blackwell, the third man of this county in the past three months to commit suicide, took his life here today. About 11 o'clock this morning a note was brought to Policeman Weatherford by a negro girl of seven years, and it read:

"Send a doctor to my house first, then send to the cemetery for my body. Good-bye, my darling, I die for you, good-bye. J. A. Blackwell, January 22, 1914."

Immediately upon reading this note Chief Mazingo and Mr. Weatherford jumped into a passing auto and rushed to the cemetery, where they found Mr. Blackwell still alive, but with a bullet hole in his right temple. A doctor was rushed to the scene, but could do nothing, as the wound was necessarily a mortal one, the bullet passing through the brain. Death did not occur until about half an hour after the officers reached there.

Mr. Blackwell was a native of this county and had for years been employed by the Coca-Cola Company, of this place, but more recently he had charge of the Gulf Refining Company's local station.

Mr. Blackwell was reported to have been very despondent for some weeks and it is stated repeatedly said that he intended to end it all with a shot.

He is survived by his wife, three children and three brothers, all of whom live in Darlington.

Especially Kicking.

There is an East End woman who has a pretty wit. Also, she has a sense of humor—and the two are more seldom found in a combination than you would suspect. That is what makes her so companionable to her friends and so impervious to the venomous darts launched by her enemies.

The other day she was relating an experience to a group of callers.

"The cook left, as cooks do—with-out notice," she said. "And I had to get the dinner myself. I am proud to say that my husband ate every bit of it."

"And is he still alive?" asked one of the ladies present, with sarcastic emphasis.

"He is," was the smiling answer. "Alive—and kicking."—Cincinnati Plain Dealer.

KILLED UNDER STREET CAR.

Motorcyclist Makes Vain Attempt to Pass Trolley.

Tampa, Fla., January 25.—His head and body so tightly jammed in the running gear of a street car here this afternoon that it was necessary to jack the car clear of the track to extricate him, Duard Bourquard was riding his motorcycle to a nearby resort and tried to pass in front of a fast interurban car. He fell under the wheels and was mangled beyond recognition.

WIDOW COMMITS SUICIDE.

Jumps From Twelfth Story Window in New York.

New York, January 25.—Mrs. Josephine Brenner Amend, aged 40, widow of Robert F. Amend, who, until his death a short time ago, was a member of a prominent drug importing firm, late to-night was killed when she jumped from a twelfth floor window of a fashionable West Side apartment house, in which she lived. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Amend had been despondent.

unawares and carry off one or both of their horses. To be left without a mount in that country was pretty nearly equivalent to a sentence of death.

The tenderfoot was a bit uncomfortable by this time, but he helped toss the dead Yaqui over a precipice and consented to ride on up the trail. They saw no Indians in their further advance, but unseen hands continued to place obstacles in their path, and at last a huge mass of rock and earth effectually blocked the trail. To remove the obstruction would have required hours of labor; to ride around it was impossible, since above rose the rough steep and below gaped the precipice. The end of the expedition had come, and the two turned back to reach the highway and go on with their journey to the Gulf. They were unhindered on the return journey, and they saw no Yaquis. If the death of him that had dogged their steps was known, no attempt was made to avenge it. The huts were empty as before, though here and there a dark face peeped out at them a moment from the thicket. They finally reached the highway unacquainted with the well-known secrets of the Yaquis.

WAKED UP FOR THEIR MONEY.

Bandit Pressed Pullman Porter Into His Service.

Chicago, Jan. 23.—With the assistance of two reluctant but badly scared porters a lone bandit held up four passengers on the rear sleeper of the Michigan Central passenger train, due here from Detroit at 7.30 o'clock this morning. It was a serio-comic affair, which netted the bandit something under \$300.

The robber entered the train at Jackson, Mich., and left it about 15 minutes later when one of the porters signalled for the emergency brakes.

T. Merritts, porter of the car attacked, was the first to view the robber who pointed a pistol at him and handed him a bag.

"Here," said the intruder, "you go ahead and wake the passengers. Tell 'em there's a robber wants their money. No monkey business; I've got three or four pals with me."

Merritts took the bag—or hat, he is not sure which, but thinks it was a bag—and shook the occupants of the first berth he came to.

"Excuse me, sir," said the porter, "but there's a man here says give him your money."

"Aw, quit your kidding and let me sleep," came the angry reply from the berth.

"Tell him I'm a real robber with a gun," interposed the bandit who poked the weapon between the curtains, whereat there was a tinkle of coins falling into the receptacle in the porter's hands.

From A. M. Todd, of Chicago, the robber got \$135; from Herman Marke, of Detroit, \$100, and from F. B. Palmer, of New York, an unknown sum.

There were about 20 passengers in the car and most of them did not know that anything had happened until they arose this morning. The robbery took place at 1.45 o'clock. There were no women in the car.

The fourth passenger robbed was L. J. Rhoades, of Chicago.

"When the porter told me a gentleman wanted my money," I told him porters usually did. The next instant I heard it was no joke, for the bandit pressed his pistol against my head. He got only a few dollars from me."

The train conductor was authority for the statement that there was only one robber. One porter thought there were four of them and the other thought there were five.

LEXINGTON STORE ROBBED.

Bloodhound Follows Trail of One-Legged Man.

Lexington, January 25.—Giving his name as Willie Miller, and claiming the Indian Territory as his home, a white man about 35 years of age, is behind the bars of the Lexington county jail, charged with having broken into the store house of George Price, a merchant at Arthur's, last night. The man was run down early Saturday morning by Sheriff Sim J. Miller and his bloodhound, having been captured several miles away from the scene of the robbery. Sheriff Miller received a telephone call about daylight yesterday morning, telling him of the robbery. The officer went to Arthur's at once. The dog was placed on the trail a short distance from the store, and followed the trail successfully, finally coming upon a man in a thick patch of woods. Miller is said to have had a lot of canned goods, smoking tobacco, cigarettes, etc., on his person, which were identified as being the property taken from the store. He was brought to the jail, where he is said to have made a full confession to the sheriff.

Willie Miller has only one leg, and he uses an artificial leg quite successfully. He has but little to say as to his movements, and nothing is known of him here. Sheriff Miller will keep a close watch on the prisoner, thinking, perhaps, that he might be wanted by authorities elsewhere.

BLACKWOOD GETS GOOD JOB

Spartanburg Man Made Special Revenue Agent.

Washington, January 25.—On the recommendation of Congressman Jos. T. Johnson, Secretary McAdoo has appointed Ira C. Blackwood, of Spartanburg, special revenue agent for South Carolina under the income tax law. This is a very important position.

HAIR TONIC DRAUGHT FATAL.

Two Convicts Drink Stuff to Satisfy Thirst for Alcohol.

Philadelphia, January 25.—Hair tonic, which it is said they drank to satisfy a craving for alcohol, to-night caused the death of Charles Harris and Charles Reitze, serving sentences in the Eastern penitentiary for burglary. Prison officials said the men obtained the liquid from a prison barber on the plea that they wished to "fix up" for some visitors.

HAD MANY CHILDREN.

Kershaw County Negro Said to be Father of Seventy-Six.

The following remarkable story appeared in a recent issue of the Lancaster News, and as Mr. Haile is a prominent and reputable citizen of Kershaw county we have no reason to doubt its accuracy:

In your issue of January 2d, I notice quoted by 'Gaffney Special to News and Courier, Dec. 31,' and headed "Father of Many Children," that Cherokee county holds the record of parentage, regardless of color, etc. Now, while old uncle Abe Smith, who died recently at Gaffney, age 83 years, was the father of 43 children (a considerable bunch) as stated by the Gaffney correspondent, we can "go him some few better" in Kershaw county. I have on one of my Watover Power Co. farms, eight miles below Liberty Hill, a darkey, Carlos Brown—quite as prominent a name as Smith—who is yet under 70 and who was the father of 76 children—the last time I heard from him—and the end is probably not yet. He is still active and his bunch is the best workers I ver handled. Is it any wonder the Smiths and Browns are so numerous?

Yours truly,
H. F. HAILE.

BANK STATEMENT.

Statement of the condition of the Ehrhardt Banking Co., located at Ehrhardt, S. C., at the close of business January 13, 1914.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts \$40,703.59
Furniture and fixtures 725.68
Banking house 2,000.00
Due from banks and bankers 47,913.57
Currency 3,552.00
Gold 277.50
Silver and other minor coin 937.77
Total \$96,235.01

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in \$20,000.00
Surplus fund 7,500.00
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid 889.83
Dividends unpaid 40.00
Individual deposits subject to check 39,972.40
Savings deposits 26,813.16
Time certificates of deposit 44.50
Partial payment 975.12
Total \$96,235.01

State of South Carolina—County of Bamberg.

Before me came A. F. Henderson, Cashier of the above named bank, who, being duly sworn, says that the above and foregoing statement is a true condition of said bank, as shown by the books of said bank.

A. F. HENDERSON, Cashier.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of January, 1914.

J. M. KIRKLAND,
Notary Public, S. C.
Correct-Attest:
JACOB EHRLHARDT,
F. H. COPELAND,
J. L. COPELAND, M. D.,
Directors.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To members of Bamberg Lodge, No. 38, Knights of Pythias:—You are urgently requested to attend meeting Monday, February 2nd, at 8.00 p. m., at which time officers for the coming year will be installed, also the Rank of Page is to be conferred.

A. M. DENBOW,
Chancellor Commander.

NOTICE.

Whereas, the undersigned have been appointed a board of incorporators of the BAMBERG COUNTY INFIRMARY, a corporation about to be formed, and:

Whereas, the required amount of the capital stock has been subscribed; a meeting of the stockholders of the above corporation will meet in the office of Mayfield & Free, Bamberg, S. C., on Friday evening, January 30, 1914, at 7.30, to organize, elect directors, and any other business that may come before the stockholders for the perfecting of said corporation and securing a charter.

GEO. F. HAIR,
G. F. BAMBERG,
W. D. RHODAD,
J. J. CLECKLEY,
J. S. MATTHEWS.
Bamberg, S. C., January 27, 1914.

LETTERS DISMISSORY.

On Saturday, February 28th, I will file my final account with Geo. P. Harmon, Judge of Probate for Bamberg county, as administrator of estate of Geo. W. Farrell, deceased, and will thereupon ask for letters dismissory as such administrator.

JOHN COONER,
Administrator.
Bamberg, S. C., Jan. 26, 1914.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of R. C. Johns, deceased, will file the same, duly itemized and probated, with the undersigned, administratrix of said estate, on or before the 14th day of February, 1914, and all claims not filed within said time will be forever barred.

ALVINA JOHNS,
Administratrix.
January 22nd, 1914.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. C. Whetsell, deceased, will file the same, duly itemized and probated, with the undersigned administratrix on or before the 14th day of February, 1914, and failing so to do will be forever barred.

AMELIA WHETSELL,
Administratrix.
January 22nd, 1914.

Spray Your Orchards and Make Good Fruit

WE CARRY SPRAY MATERIALS OF EVERY KIND, AND CAN GIVE YOU NECESSARY INFORMATION ABOUT SPRAYING :

Orchards Sprayed and Pruned at Reasonable Prices.

Write for Particulars

C. S. FOLK & SON
DENMARK, S. C.

J. C. LEE, President

F. E. GIBSON, Sect'y & Treas.

Farmers -- Merchants -- Builders

If you are going to Build, Remodel or Repair, we invite your inquiries.

COMPLETE HOUSE BILLS A SPECIALTY

We manufacture and deal in Doors, Sash, Blinds, Stairs, Interior Trim, Store Fronts, and Fixtures, Pews, Pulpits, etc., Rough and Dressed Lumber, Lath, Pine and Cypress Shingles, Flooring, Ceiling Siding. Distributing agents for Flintkote Roofing

Estimates Cheerfully and Carefully made.

Woodward Lumber Company

AUGUSTA - GEORGIA

Corner Roberts & Dugas Streets

OUR MOTTO:

QUALITY - - - SERVICE



FRIENDS, SCHEMERS, FUN AND EXTRAVAGANCE WILL GET IT UNLESS YOU PUT IT INTO THE

BANK

Friends are few. Those so-called fair-weather friends who borrow your money are in the same class with the schemer who tries to get you to invest it in wild-cat enterprises. The temptation to spend your money while you have it in YOUR POCKET is very great. YOUR MONEY is your "best friend." When it is in our bank it is SAFE. No one wants his bank balance to grow smaller.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank

We pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly on savings deposits

Farmers & Merchants Bank
EHRLHARDT, S. C.

THE BEST SO FAR

That is what everybody says who look at the load of Mules and Horses we received last Saturday direct from St. Louis.

If you want anything in the shape of a Mule, Horse, Buggy or Harness, come to see me, I can please you :: ::

Railroad Avenue J. J. SMOAK Bamberg So. Car.